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MILTON.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

MILTON.

VOLUME I.

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque ſpecus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, & ſine fine Deus:
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futura?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit ſe Lucifer armis!
Atque ipſo graditur vix Michaële minor!
Quantis, & quam funeſtis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!

Dum vulſos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
Admiſtis flammis inſonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus aſylum,
Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantùm ceciniſſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW,]

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argumen
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong,
(So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.

Yet as I read, ſtill growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Left he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs fin
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expence of mind?
Juſt Heaven thee, like Tireſias, to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.

Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the town-bays writes all the while and ſpell
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too, tranſported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee muſt commend.
Thy verſe created like thy theme ſublime,
Number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVE

To Mr. JOHN MILTON,
On his Poem entitled PARADISE LOS

O Thou! the wonder of the preſent age,
An age immerſt in luxury and vice;
A race of triflers; who can reliſh naught
But the gay iſſue of an idle brain:
How couldſt thou hope to pleaſe this tinſel race?
Though blind, yet with the penetrating eye
Of intellectual light thou doſt ſurvey
The labyrinth perplex'd of Heaven's decrees;
And with a quill, pluck'd from an angel's wing,
Dipt in the fount that laves th' eternal throne,
Trace the dark paths of providence divine,
" And juſtify the ways of God to Man."

THE VERSE.

THE meaſure is Engliſh heroic verſe without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no neceſſary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe than elſe they would have expreſſed them. Not without cauſe therefore ſome both Italian and Spaniſh poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt Engliſh tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then

of rhyme ſo little is to be taken for a defect, t
it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, t
rather is to be eſteemed an example ſet, th
in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recovered to
poem, from the troubleſome and modern bo
of rhyming.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

This firſt Book propoſes, firſt in brief, the whole ſubject, Man's diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Paradiſe wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime cauſe of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the ſerpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his ſide many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action paſs'd over, the poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell, deſcrib'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be ſuppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-ſtruck and aſtoniſh'd, after a certain ſpace recovers, as from confuſion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miſerable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded: They riſe, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To theſe Satan directs his ſpeech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them laſtly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this viſible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determin thereon, he refers to a full council. What his aſſociates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan riſes, ſuddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there ſit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

J. Pintard Servoss 1845

OF Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing, heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark

Illumin, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to Men.
Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favor'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory' above his peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Confound

Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and welt'ring by his ſide
One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,

Who

Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by fate the ſtrength of Gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.

So ſpake th' apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vainting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigor ſoon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.

But

But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'er-pow'r'd ſuch force as our
Have left us this our ſpi'rit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As be'ing the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labor muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown hath laid

The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſt how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpair.

Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floting many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:

Him

Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſkaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and r
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide

l'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
l'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
l with mineral fury, aid the winds,
/e a ſinged bottom all involv'd
nch and ſmoke: Such reſting found the ſole
:ſt feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
rying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
ı, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
he ſufferance of ſupernal Power.
the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
ı the loſt Arch-Angel, this the ſeat
muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
celeſtial light? Be' it ſo, ſince he
w is Sovran can diſpoſe and bid
all be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
eas'on hath equal'd, force hath made ſupreme
is equals. Farewell happy fields,
oy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
world, and thou profoundeſt Hell
thy new poſſeſſor; one who brings
not to be chang'd by place or time.
ıd is its own place, and in itſelf
ce a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
ıatter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
at I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
l be free; th' Almighty hath not built
· his envy, will not drive us hence:
· may reign ſecure, and in my choice
ı is worth ambition though in Hell:

Better

Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more loſt in Hell?
So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
[illegible]e ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
vonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious highth.
He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine

Hewn

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire.
Nathleſs he ſo indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floting carcaſes
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once your's, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeiſe
Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn

To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Tranſfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' up-lifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs

Rhene

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great commander; Godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that erſt in Heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the tri'al of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix

Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſs'd through fi
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple' of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to the Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd

l in Sittim on their march from Nile
lo him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
thence his luſtful orgies he inlarg'd
to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Moloch homicide, luſt hard by hate;
good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
ı theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
ld Euphrates to the brook that parts
ɔt from Syrian ground, had general names
Baälim and Aſhtaroth, thoſe male,
ſe feminine. For Spirits when they pleaſe
either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
uncompounded is their eſſence pure,
ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chooſe
ted or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
execute their aery purpoſes,
l works of love or enmity fulfil.
thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
ir living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
righteous altar, bowing lowly down
beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
'd down in battel, ſunk before the ſpear
leſpiteable foes. With theſe in troop
ıe Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
ırte, queen of Heav'n, with creſcent horns;
whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
nian virgins paid their vows and ſongs,
ion alſo not unſung, where ſtood

Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart though
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behin
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day,
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tal
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ar
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lop
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhipers
Dagon his name, ſea monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath and Aſcalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertil banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo' againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew

l's altar to diſparage and diſplace
one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
odious offerings, and adore the Gods
om he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
rew who under names of old renown,
is, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
h monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
atie Egypt and her prieſts, to ſeek
ir wand'ring Gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
ier than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
bled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
vah, who in one night when he paſs'd
1 Egypt marching, equal'd with one ſtroke
her firſt-born and all her bleating Gods.
l came laſt, than whom a Spi'rit more lewd
not from Heaven, or more groſs to love
for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
tar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
mples and at altars, when the prieſt
s atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
luſt and violence the houſe of God?
urts and palaces he alſo reigns
in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
ot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
injury and outrage: and when night
:ns the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
:lial, flown with inſolence and wine.

Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worſe rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents: Titan Heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's ſon like meaſure found;
So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iles.

All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to' have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd

His

nighty ſtandard: that proud honor clam'd
el as his right, a Cherub tall;
forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
mperial enſign, which full high advanc'd
: like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
hic arms and trophies; all the while
ous metal blowing martial ſounds:
nich the univerſal hoſt up ſent
ut, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
ted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
: a moment through the gloom were ſeen
houſand banners riſe into the air
prient colors waving: with them roſe
:ſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
ır'd, and ferried ſhields in thick array
)th immeaſurable: anon they move
fect phalanx to the Dorian mood
tes and ſoft recorder; ſuch as raiſ'd
ghth of nobleſt temper heroes old
ig to battel, and inſtead of rage
rate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
anting pow'r to mitigate and ſwage
ſolemn touches troubled thoughts, and chaſe
ſh and doubt and fear and ſorrow and pain
mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
ing united force with fixed thought
l on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil; and now

Advanc'd in view they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impoſe: He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods:
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd-on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond,
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd

Le

Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory' obſcur'd; as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth though bare
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spi'rits, O Powers
Matchleſs,

Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty, and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of Heaven,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant

A ge-

A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the ſons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial Spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: Peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, War
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the High'eſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heaven.

There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigad haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers with ſpade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected Spi'rit that fell
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,

Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength, and art, are eaſily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wond'rous art founded the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blaſt of wind
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,

Built

Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately highth, and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle magic many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'red ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd Angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes, whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn

To

THE SECOND BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The conſultation begun, Satan debates whet
other battel be to be hazarded for the rec
Heaven: Some adviſe it, others diſſuade:
propoſal is preferr'd, mention'd before by S
ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradi
Heaven concerning another world, and anot
of creature equal or not much inferior to the
about this time to be created: Their dou
ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Sat
chief undertakes alone the voyage, is hono
applauded. The council thus ended, the reſ
them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employm
their inclinations lead them, to entertain t
till Satan return. He paſſes on his journey
gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſate there
them, by whom at length they are open'd,
cover to him the great gulf between Hell a
ven; with what difficulty he paſſes through,
by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the
this new world which he ſought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.
  Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven
Did firſt create your leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in counſel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,

Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction; for none ſure will clame in Hell
Precedence, none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To clame our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, ſcepter'd king
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength, and rather than be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worſe
He reck'd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chooſe,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engin he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itſelf
Mix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſued us through the deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find

To our deſtruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd: what can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end
The vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More deſtroy'd than thus
We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential, happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſp'rate revenge, and battel dangerous
To leſs than Gods. On th' other ſide up roſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worſe appear

The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Maſtureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.
I ſhould be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs:
When he who moſt excels in fact of arms,
In what he counſels and in what excels
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Incamp their legions, or with obſcure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning ſurpriſe. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt inſurrection, to confound
Heav'n's pureſt light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of ſtain would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate

Th' almighty victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure,
To be no more; ſad cure; for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel war, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, purſued and ſtruck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
All theſe our motions vain ſees and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? better theſe than worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.

I laugh,

I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And ventrous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to indure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfy'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlacken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light,
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what chan
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reaſon's garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.
Either to diſinthrone the king of Heaven
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife;

The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unleſs Heav'n's Lord ſupreme
We overpow'r? Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd Hallelujah's; while he lordly ſits
Our envied ſovran, and his altar breathes
Ambroſial odors and ambroſial flowers,
Our ſervile offerings? This muſt be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then purſue
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage; but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own
Live to ourſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſp'rous of adverſe
We can create, and in what place ſo e'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work eaſe out of pain
Through labor and indurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt

Thick

Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhow more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements, theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war: ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-fearing men o'er-watch'd, whoſe bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: Such applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another field
They dreaded worſe than Hell: ſo much the fear

Of thunder and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe
By policy, and long procéſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpéct he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pill'ar of ſtate; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation ſat and public care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,
Majeſtic though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantéan ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.

Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offſpring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne, but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be ſure,

In

In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſcepter rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in Heaven.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be giv
To us inſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our pow'r hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterprife? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook Heav'n's whole circumference, confir

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold,
Or substance, how indued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To

To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep,
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excurſion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world? whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy ile? what ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
[illegible]ough the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
Is watching round? Here he had need

All

All circumſpection, and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay
Aſtoniſh'd: none among the choice and prime
Of thoſe Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones,
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seis'd us, though undiſmay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our priſon ſtrong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egreſs.
Theſe paſs'd, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him leſs

Than unknown dangers, and as hard eſcape
But I ſhould ill become this throne, O Peers
And this imperial ſovranty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with power, if ought
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I aſſu
Theſe royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him du
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honor'd ſits? Go therefore, mighty Po
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt ma
The preſent miſery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſe
Deliverance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying r
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, leſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd
And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn.

Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe;
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the Hig'heſt in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchleſs chief:
As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'er-ſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſkip ſnow, or ſhower;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction wait.
The Stygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midſt came their mighty paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' antagoniſt of Heav'n, nor leſs
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp ſupreme,
And God-like imitated ſtate; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Tow'ards the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of Hell
With deafning ſhout return'd them loud acclame.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rai
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
Diſband, and, wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or fad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears

Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battel in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battel; and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould inthrall to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when Spi'rits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe,)
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,

Paſſion and apathy, and glory' and ſhame,
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
Yet with a pleaſing ſorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
With ſtubborn patience as with triple ſteel.
Another part in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of ſorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegethon
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and be'ing forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; or elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Caſius old,

armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
r by harpy-footed furies hal'd
tain revolutions all the damn'd
ought; and feel by turns the bitter change
ce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
eds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
eable, infix'd, and froſen round,
of time, thence hurried back to fire.
erry over this Lethéan ſound
and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
iſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
mpting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
et forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
one moment, and ſo near the brink;
e withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
a with Gorgonian terror guards
rd, and of itſelf the water flies
ſte of living wight, as once it fled
p of Tantalus. Thus roving on
fus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous bands
hudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
firſt their lamentable lot, and found
: through many a dark and dreary vale
paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
any a froſen, many a fiery Alp,
,caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
verſe of death, which God by curſe
d ev'il, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.
Mean while the Adverſary' of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of hig'heſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſometimes
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave towring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their ſpicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So ſeem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at laſt appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were braſs,
Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round

A cry

A cry of Hell hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb,
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on:
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way

To

To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spi'rits of Heaven.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
Who firſt broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's ſons
Conjúr'd againſt the Hig'heſt, for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with Spi'rits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings,
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy lingring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeiſe thee', and pangs unfelt before.
So ſpake the griſly terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend, and ſuch a frown

Eac

Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only Son? What fury', O Son,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy Father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore, then thoſe to her Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale firſt met thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my Son;

I know

I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portreſs of Hell gate reply'd.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In Heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's king,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide opening wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall

I alſo;

I alſo; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſued, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded Death.
I fled, but he purſued, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits

Grim

Grim Death my ſon and foe, who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd, and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter, ſince thou clam'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeſeen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of Spi'rits, that in our juſt pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd

A race

A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Leſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or ought
Than this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famin ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantin gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?

Thou

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoo
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge porteullis high up drew,
Which but herſelf not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole tur
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy ir'on or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
thout dimenſion, where length, breadth, and high

And time, and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the ſands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
Levied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyſs,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with ſmall) than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engins bent to raſe

Some capital city'; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground; thence many a leagu
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or r
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his wa
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flie
ength a univerſal hubbub wild
g ſounds and voices all confus'd,
ough the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear

V

With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bord'ring on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Damogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no ſpy,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm, but by conſtraint
Wand'ring this darkſome deſert, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if ſome other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my courſe;
Directed no mean recompenſe it brings
To your behoof, if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her original darkneſs and your ſway
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heav'n's king, though overthrov
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through your inteſtin broils
Weakning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt Hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your legions fell
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havoc and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire

Into the wild expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beſet
And more indanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larbord ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he;
But he once paſt, ſoon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely indur'd a bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continued reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spi'rits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe
With tumult leſs and with leſs hoſtile din,
That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds

Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphir, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude cloſe by the moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

TH

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

God ſitting on his throne ſees Satan flying towar
world, then newly created; ſhows him to th
who ſat at his right hand; foretels the ſuc
Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own
and wiſdom from all imputation, having create
free and able enough to have withſtood his te
yet declares his purpoſe of grace towards him,
gard he fell not of his own malice, as did Sata
by him ſeduced. The Son of God renders pr
his Father for the manifeſtation of his gracio
poſe towards Man; but God again declares, tha
cannot be extended towards Man without th
faction of divine juſtice; Man hath offend
majeſty of God by aſpiring to Godhead, and th
with all his progeny devoted to death muſt di
leſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer
offenſe, and undergo his puniſhment. The
God freely offers himſelf a ranſome for Man: t
ther accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pron
his exaltation above all names in Heaven and
commands all the Angels to adore him; they
and hymning to their harps in full quire, ce
the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan
upon the bare convex of this world's outermo
where wand'ring he firſt finds a place, ſince
the Limbo of Vanity; what perſons and thi
up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heav
ſcrib'd aſcending by ſtairs, and the waters ab
firmament that flow about it: His paſſage th
the orb of the ſun; he finds there Uriel the re
that orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſha
meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous deſire
hold the new creation, and Man whom Gc
plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his h
tion, and is directed; alights firſt on mount Nipl

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAIL holy Light, off-spring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
May I expreſs thee' unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſovran vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powe

Irra

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sit:
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains

Heap'd

Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'rds the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
He and his faithleſs progeny: Whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spi'rits, both them who ſtood and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo' is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly' accuſe

Their

maker, or their making, or their fate,
predeſtination over-rul'd
will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
gh foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
nowledge had no influence on their fault,
h had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
thout leaſt impulſe or ſhadow' of fate,
ight by me immutably foreſeen,
treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all
what they judge and what they chooſe; for ſo
n'd them free, and free they muſt remain,
:hey inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
r nature, and revoke the high decree
iangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
r freedom, they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
h' other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,
other none: in mercy' and juſtice both,
ough Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel,
mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
hus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spi'rits elect
e of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
ond compare the Son of God was ſeen
t glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
ſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
ine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
e without end, and without meaſure grace,

Which

Which uttering thus he to his Father ſpake:
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſovran ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extol
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of hymns and ſacred ſongs, wherewith thy throne
Incompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man,
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the Adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine? ſhall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without defenſe.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed:

not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
f will in him, but grace in me
achſaf'd; once more I will renew
l pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd
foul exorbitant deſires;
/ me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
ground againſt his mortal foe,
held, that he may know how frail
condition is, and to me owe
eliverance, and to none but me.
ave choſen of peculiar grace
ve the reſt; ſo is my will:
hall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
ful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
ſted Deity, while offer'd grace
for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
y ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
repent, and bring obedience due.
, repentance, and obedience due,
but endeavor'd with ſincere intent,
ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
ll place within them as a guide
re conſcience, whom if they will hear,
er light well us'd they ſhall attain,
he end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
long ſufferance and my day of grace
o neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
y may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
e but ſuch from mercy I exclude.

But

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting God-head, and so losing all.
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransome set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
Speediest of thy winged messengers,
All thy creatures, and to all
prevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Man, so coming; he her aid

Can

ver ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
nent for himſelf or offering meet,
:d and undone, hath none to bring:
me then; me for him, life for life
, on me let thine anger fall;
it me Man; I for his ſake will leave
ſom, and this glory next to thee
put off, and for him laſtly die
leas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
quiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
myſelf for ev'r; by thee I live,
a now to Death I yield, and am his due
t of me can die; yet that debt paid,
vilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
y, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
r with corruption there to dwell;
ıall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
quiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
iis death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
ous, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
gh the ample air in triumph high
ad Hell captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
w'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
aſt, and with his carcaſs glut the grave:
ith the multitude of my redeem'd
ıter Heav'n long abſent, and return,
to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt,
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf Man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
His brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal king; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee as head ſupreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce;
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

When thou attended gloriouſly from Heaven
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclame
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſcepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſcepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;

Immortal

tal amarant, a flow'r which once
adiſe, faſt by the tree of life,
to bloom; but ſoon for man's offenſe
av'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
ow'rs aloft ſhading the ſount of life,
here the riv'er of bliſs through midſt of Heaven
o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream;
heſe that never fade the Spi'rits elect
ieir reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
i looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
ent, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
led with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
rown'd again, their golden harps they took,
ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
iivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
ming ſymphony they introduce
acred ſong, and waken raptures high;
e exempt, no voice but well could join
ous part, ſuch concord is in Heaven.
, Father, firſt they ſung Omnipotent,
ible, Immortal, Infinite,
King; thee Author of all being,
n of light, thyſelf inviſible
the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
l inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
l blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
ith exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear,
le Heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
h not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Thee next they ſang of all creation firſt,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold; on thee
Impreſs'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit reſts.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee drew down
Th' aſpiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot wheels, that ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels diſarray'd.
Back from purſuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclame
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not ſo on Man: Him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No ſooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of mercy' and juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs wherein he ſat
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For Man's offenſe. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found leſs than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name

the copious matter of my ſong
th, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoin.
they in Heav'n, above the ſtarry ſphere,
ppy hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
ıile upon the firm opacous globe
ound world, whoſe firſt convex divides
inous inferior orbs inclos'd
aos and th' inroad of Darkneſs old,
ghted walks: a globe far off
, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
aſte, and wild, under the frown of Night
xpos'd, and ever-threatning ſtorms
bluſt'ring round, inclement ſky;
hat ſide which from the wall of Heaven,
diſtant far, ſome ſmall reflection gains
ering air leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud:
k'd the Fiend at large in ſpacious field.
a vultur on Imaus bred,
ıowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
ıg from a region ſcarce of prey
the fleſh of lambs or yeanling kids
where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the ſprings
es or Hydaſpes Indian ſtreams;
s way lights on the barren plains
ına, where Chineſes drive
ls and wind their cany waggons light:
s windy ſea of land, the Fiend
up and down alone, bent on his prey;
or other creature in this place

Living or lifeleſs to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aereal vapors flew
Of all things tranſitory' and vain, when ſin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory' or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful ſuperſtition and blind zeal,
Nought ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccompliſh'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born
Firſt from the ancient world thoſe giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and ſtill with vain deſign
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the ſea,

Cleombrotus

Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryo's and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
And they who, to be ſure of Paradiſe,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciſcan think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the planets ſev'n, and paſs the fix'd,
And that cryſtallin ſphere whoſe balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers toſt
And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons, bulls,
The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travel'd ſteps: far diſtant he deſcries
Aſcending by degrees magnificent

Up

Up to the wall of Heav'n a ſtructure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
Embelliſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
The portal ſhone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open ſky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven.
Each ſtair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs; and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by eaſy aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
Direct againſt which open'd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' Earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,

On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spi'rit malign, but much more envy seis'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws

His

His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy iles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden ſun in ſplendor likeſt Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days months and years, tow'ards his all-chearing lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrouſly was ſet his ſtation bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the ſun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or ſtone;

Not

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part ſeem'd gold, part ſilver clear;
If ſtone, carbuncle moſt or chryſolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that ſhone
In Aaron's breaſt-plate, and a ſtone beſides.
Imagin'd rather oft than elſewhere ſeen,
That ſtone, or like to that, which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old Proteus from the ſea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic ſun, ſo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreſtrial humor mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazled; far and wide his eye commands;
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all ſun-ſhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel ſtand,

The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe the happy ſeat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume ſprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſh'd by his ear, and ſtrait was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the ſeven
Who in God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,

O'er

O'er ſea and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſeven Spi'rits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his ſons thy embaſſy attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To viſit oft this new creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brighteſt Seraph, tell
In which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happy race of Men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern

Hypocriſy,

Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth
And oft, though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems: Which now for once beguil'
Uriel, though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report hear only' in Heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep
I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mold, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,

Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quinteſſence of Heaven
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe, whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is Earth the ſeat of Man, that light
His day, which elſe as th' other hemiſphere
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that oppoſite fair ſtar) her aid
Timely' interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to inlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in proſpect of Eden, and nigh the place where he muſt now attempt the bold enterpriſe which he undertook alone againſt God and Man, falls into many doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions, fear, envy, and deſpair; but at length confirms himſelf in evil, journeys on to Paradiſe whoſe outward proſpect and ſituation is deſcribed, overleaps the bounds, ſits in the ſhape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as higheſt in the garden, to look about him. The garden deſcrib'd; Satan's firſt ſight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy ſtate, but with reſolution to work their fall; overhears their diſcourſe, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then leaves them a while, to know further of their ſtate by ſome other means. Mean while Uriel deſcending on a ſunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradiſe, that ſome evil Spirit had eſcap'd the deep, and paſs'd at noon by his ſphere in the ſhape of a good Angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered after by his furious geſtures in the mount. Gabriel promiſes to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their bower deſcrib'd; their evening worſhip. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong Angels to Adam's bower, leſt the evil Spirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to Adam or Eve ſleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom queſtion'd, he ſcornfully anſwers, prepares reſiſtance, but hinder'd by a ſign from Heaven, flies out of Paradiſe.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuſer of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, though bold
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engin back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him
Hè brings, and round about him, nor
One ſtep no more than from himſelf can

By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing ſun
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs king:
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,

So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame

Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how ſoon un
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recal
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;

As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face;
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and deſpair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſued him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable highth of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than

The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odors from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a leagu
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better plea
Than Aſmodëus with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpou
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.

Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill

Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick intwin'd,
As one continued brake, the underwrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-felon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high over leap'd all bound
Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhord the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right

The

The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death the tree of knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,

And

And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradiſe, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe:
Another ſide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſpers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd

Her

Her cryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpin gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet gro
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive; nor that Nyſeian ile
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to ſight and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine,
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,

Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſeverе and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd,
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace,
He for God only, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honor diſhonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;

Ad

Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labor than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavory pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent fly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun

Declin'd

d for us this ample world,
and of his good
as infinite;
n the duſt and plac'd us here
is, who at his hand
ed, nor can perform
ith need, he who requires
rvice than to keep
charge, of all the trees
r delicious fruit
aſte that only tree
ted by the tree of life;
to life, whate'er death is,
no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
d it death to taſte that tree,
obedience left
s of pow'r and rule
and dominion given
es that poſſeſs
Then let us not think hard
who enjoy
all things elſe, and choice
d delights:
him, and extol
g our delightful taſk
ing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
ne, yet with thee were ſweet,
e reply'd. O thou for whom
as form'd fleſh of thy fleſh,
m to no end, my guide

And ſend forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honor and empire with revenge inlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe though damn'd I ſhould abhor.
So ſpake the Fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeiſe them both
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam firſt of men
To firſt of women Eve thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the Power

That

That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide

And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy

Inſeparabl

Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee clame
My other half; with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the Devil turn'd

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to Hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aſpiring to be ſuch
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring Spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw

Wh

What further would be learn'd. Live while you may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armoury, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a ſun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhows the mariner
From what point of his compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
Charge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my ſphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know,
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his aery gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſued him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitſt,
See far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence: if Spi'rit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,

Incredible

lible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
al, or this leſs volúbil earth,
orter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
ing with reflected purple' and gold
louds that on his weſtern throne attend.
came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
n her ſober livery all things clad;
e accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
l night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
e was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
living ſaphirs: Heſperus, that led
tarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
; in clouded majeſty, at length
rent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
ien Adam thus to Eve. Fair Conſort, th' hour
ght, and all things now retir'd to reſt
us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
and reſt, as day and night to men
ſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
ye-lids: other creatures all day long
idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
hath his daily work of body' or mind
inted, which declares his dignity,
the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
e other animals unactive range,
of their doings God takes no account.

To

To-morrow ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labor, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargued I obey; ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Gliſt'ring

Glift'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only' inlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe;
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,

Sole,

Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r; it was a place
Chos'n by the ſovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none,
Such was their awe of Man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our ſire

Brought

Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites

Myſterious

Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain
But our Deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be' it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'rd

Show'rd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour ſtood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle Spi'rits he call'd
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep ſecure of harm.
This evening from the ſun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of ſome infernal Spirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, ſeiſe faſt, and hither bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the moon; theſe to the bow'r direct
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, cloſe at the ear of Eve,
Aſſaying by his deviliſh art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illuſions

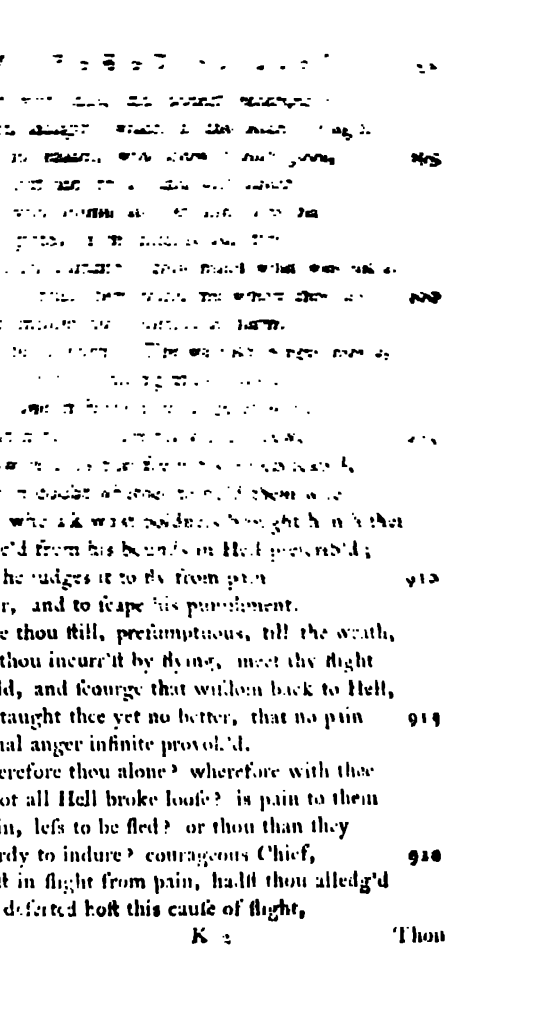
Illuſions as he liſt, phantaſms and dreams,
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal ſpirits that from pure blood ariſe
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his ſpear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſhood can indure
Touch of celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcover'd and ſurpris'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumor'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair Angels half amaz'd
So ſudden to behold the griſly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
  Which of thoſe rebel Spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon? and transform'd,
Why ſatſt thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
  Know ye not then, ſaid Satan fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar:
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin

Your

ſſage, like to end as much in vain?
iom thus Zephon, anſw'ring ſcorn with ſcorn.
ot, revolted Spi'rit, thy ſhape the ſame,
niniſh'd brightneſs to be known,
i thou ſtood'ſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
ory then, when thou no more wait good,
l from thee'; and thou reſembleſt now
and place of doom obſcure and foul.
e, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
ice inviolable, and theſe from harm.
ke the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
i youthful beauty, added grace
ile: abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
t how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
e viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
ted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
h the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
t once; more glory will be won,
be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
ve us trial what the leaſt can do
gainſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
e a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
ng his iron curb: to ſtrive or fly
it vain; awe from above had quell'd
rt, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
ſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards

Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriël from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour ſeems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd.
To whom with ſtern regard thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it ſeems to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadſt in Heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldſt thyſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthеſt from pain, where thou might'ſt hope to change

Torment



Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus anſwer'd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs indure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting Angel; well thou know'ſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battel to thy aid
The blaſting volied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior Angel ſoon reply'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army

ay of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
s this your diſcipline and faith engag'd,
ir military obedience, to diſſolve
:giance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupreme?
l thou, ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
on of liberty, who more than thou
e fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd
v'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reign?
mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
hin theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
k to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
l ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
: facil gates of Hell too ſlightly barr'd.
) threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
e heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.
hen when I am thy captive talk of chains,
ıd limitary Cherub, but ere then
heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
n my prevailing arm, though Heaven's king
: on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
l to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
rogreſs through the road of Heav'n ſtar-pav'd.
/hile thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
n'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
ir phalanx, and began to hem him round
h ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing floor his hopeful ſheaves
Prove chaff. On t'other ſide Satan alarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield: now dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in theſe he put two weights
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how weak,

If

thou reſiſt. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
s mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
urm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam l
blesome dream; he likes it not, yet comfo
They come forth to their day labors: The
ing hymn at the door of their bower. God
man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonis
his obedience, of his free estate, of his en
at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, a
ever else may avail Adam to know. Raph
down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd,
ing discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at th
his bower; he goes out to meet him, bring
his lodge, entertains him with the choicest
Paradise got together by Eve; their discour
ble: Raphael performs his message, minds
his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam
who that enemy is, and how he came to be s
ning from his first revolt in Heaven, and
sion thereof; how he drew his legions aft
the parts of the north, and there incited th
bel with him, persuading all but only Abd
raph, who in argument dissuades and oppo
then forsakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd, for his ſleep
Was aery light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapors bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,

What

What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign,
But of offenſe and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labor'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,

Much

airer to my fancy than by day:
I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
p'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Heaven
ft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
ia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
d, nor Man? is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
' or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
who will, none ſhall from me withhold
thy offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?
id, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
:k'd, he taſted; me damp horror chill'd
1 bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold:
thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
f thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
len here, it ſeems, as only fit
ds, yet able to make Gods of Men:
hy not Gods of Men, ſince good, the more
micated, more abundant grows,
thor not impair'd, but honor'd more?
appy creature, fair angelic Eve,
: thou alſo; happy though thou art,
r thou may'ſt be, worthier canſt not be:
his, and be henceforth among the Gods
f a Goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
metimes in the air, as we, ſometimes
l to Heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
ing, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n

Ev'n to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavory ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down
And fell aſleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.

Beſt image of myſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, aery ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or diſjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
or opinion; then retires
ant cell when nature reſts.
ence mimic fancy wakes
ier; but miſjoining ſhapes,
produces oft, and moſt in dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the Mind of God or Man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſhearten'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene,
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world;
And let us to our freſh employments riſe
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells,
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal ſluce, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
But firſt, from under ſhady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce up riſen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſkip all the eaſt

Of

Of Paradiſe and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtile; for neither various ſtile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.
  Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe heavens
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe

In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd-up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable Spi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell ſcap'd through the darkſome gulf
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with Adam, in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labor with repaſt,

Or

Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
By violence? no, for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Leſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd: but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves

Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A Seraph wing'd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honor riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,

And

And flow'ring odors, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner ſavory fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectar'rous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,

All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our Angel gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on Earth
God hath diſpens'd his bounties as in Heaven.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chooſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore
In Pontus or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive muſt, and meaths
From many a berry', and from ſweet kernels preſs'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure, then ſtrows the ground
With roſe and odors from the ſhrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great ſire, to meet
His God-like gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete

Perfections;

Perfections; in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horſes led, and grooms beſmear'd with gold,
Dazles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
Nearer his preſence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to' a ſuperior nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
Since by deſcending from the thrones above,
Thoſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a while
To want, and honor theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two' only, who yet by ſovran gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bower
To reſt, and what the garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the ſun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spi'rits of Heaven,
To viſit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till evening riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor ſmil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant ſmells; but Eve
Undeck'd ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair
Than Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked ſtrove,

Stood to' entertain her gueſt from Heav'n ; no vei
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt Mary, ſecond Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whoſe fruitful woml
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round,
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All autumn pil'd, though ſpring and autumn her
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they ho
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unſavory food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures ; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt Spi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food : and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, ta
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,

orporeal to incorporeal turn.
ıow, whatever was created, needs
ſuſtain'd and fed; of elements
roſſer feeds the purer, earth the ſea,
and the ſea feed air, the air thoſe fires
al, and as loweſt firſt the moon;
:e in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
ıth the moon no nouriſhment exhale
her moiſt continent to higher orbs.
ın, that light imparts to all, receives
ıll his alimental recompenſe
ıid exhalations, and at even
/ith the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
ambroſial fruitage bear, and vines
nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
uſh melliſluous dews, and find the ground
d with pearly grain: yet God hath here
his bounty ſo with new delights,
y compare with Heaven; and to taſte
not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
› their viands fell; nor ſeemingly
.ngel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
eologians; but with keen diſpatch
hunger, and concoctive heat
nſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
gh Spi'rits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
:y coal th' empiric alchemiſt
rn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold

As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to' have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffi
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whoſe high pow'r ſo far
Exceeded human, and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to Man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'n's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what comp

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,

Ind

Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, laſt the bright conſummate flower
Spirits odórous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpi'rits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oft'eſt yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare;
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,

Whoſe

Whoſe progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert,
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continueſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity:
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve

Wil

Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chooſe?
Myſelf and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none; freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from Heav'n to deepeſt Hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inſtructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal muſic ſend: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whoſe command
Single is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me', and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſs'd in Heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation, which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for ſcarce the ſun
Hath finiſh'd half his journey', and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeſt; and Raphaël
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.

High

High matter thou injoin'ſt me', O prime of mei
Sad taſk and hard; for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring Spirits? how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt; though what if Earth
Be but the ſhadow' of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where theſe Heav'ns now roll, where Earth
Upon her center pois'd; when on a day [
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal
Of Angels by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:.
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tiſſues bear imblaz'd

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myſelf have ſworn to him ſhall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United as one individual ſoul
For ever happy: Him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into' utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred hill;
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,

Eccentric,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own
Liſtens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have alſo our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhowr
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſh
Spring both, the face of brighteſt Heav'n had chan
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeat dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,

Pavilic

Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who in their courſe
Melodious hymns about the ſovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-Angel, great in power,
In favor and præeminence, yet fraught
With envy' againſt the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclam'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the throne ſupreme
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.

Sleep'ſt thou, Companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wall wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new counſels, to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place

To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king
The great Meſſiah, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.
So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the moſt High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had diſincumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the morning ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's hoſt.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy mount

m within the golden lamps that burn
before him, ſaw without their light
n riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpread
the ſons of morn, what multitudes
nded to oppoſe his high decree;
iling to his only Son thus ſaid.
:hou in whom my glory I behold
eſplendence, Heir of all my might,
: now concerns us to be ſure
mnipotence, and with what arms
n to hold what anciently we clame
or empire; ſuch a foe
, who intends to' erect his throne
ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
ontent, hath in his thought to try
, what our pow'r is, or our right.
dviſe, and to this hazard draw
eed what force is left, and all employ
efenſe, leſt unawares we loſe
: high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
iom the Son with calm aſpect and clear,
ig divine, ineffable, ſerene,
ſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
ift in deriſion, and ſecure
at their vain deſigns and tumults vain,
o me of glory, whom their hate
:s, when they ſee all regal power
e to quell their pride, and in event
'hether I be dextrous to ſubdue
els, or be found the worſt in Heaven.

So ſpake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having paſs'd
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembled all his train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow

gnific titles yet remain
titular, ſince by decree
w hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
and us eclips'd under the name
ointed, for whom all this haſte
t march, and hurried meeting here,
› conſult, how we may beſt
may be devis'd of honors new
coming to receive from us
: yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
o one, but double how indur'd
to his image now proclam'd?
better counſels might erect
and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
nit your necks, and chooſe to bend
cnee? ye will not, if I truſt
right, or if ye know yourſelves
ſons of Heav'n poſſeſs'd before
id if not equal all, yet free,
; for orders and degrees
liberty, but well conſiſt.
reaſon then or right aſſume
ver ſuch as live by right
if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
:qual? or can introduce
ct on us, who without law
ich leſs for this to be our Lord,
r adoration to th' abuſe
erial titles, which aſſert
dain'd to govern, not to ſerve.

Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controll
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphémous, falſe and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his only Son by right indued
With regal ſcepter, every ſoul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confeſs him rightful king? unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reign:

Thyſelf

Thyſelf though great and glorious doſt thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spi'rits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Eſſential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made; ſince he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honor to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then, ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by taſk transferr'd
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd: who ſaw
When this creation was? remember'ſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal courſe
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature

Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
O alienate from God, O spi'rit accurs'd,
Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel

His

His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.
So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were ſent forth to battel againſt Satan and his Angels. The firſt fight deſcrib'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents deviliſh engins, which in the ſecond day's fight put Michael and his Angels to ſome diſorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not ſo ending, God on the third day ſends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them unable to reſiſt towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepar'd for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſued
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way; till
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand [morn,
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night; [Heaven
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattel'd ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd

With

th joy and acclamations loud, that one,
at of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
ain'd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill
y led him high applauded, and preſent
fore the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice
rom midſt a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their king
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celeſtial armies prince,
And thou in military proweſs next
Gabriel, lead forth to battel theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thouſands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godleſs crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of Heaven
Purſuing drive them out from God and bliſs

Into their place of puniſhment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the ſovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the Powers militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd
Of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardor to adventrous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cauſe
Of God and his Meſſiah. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtrait'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
In battailous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable

Of rigid ſpears, and helmets threng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan haſting on
With furious expedition; for they weend
That ſelf-ſame day by fight, or by ſurpriſe,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet the envier of his ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great ſire
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th' Apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came towring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,

And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, though to fight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that contéſt and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſit, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt

All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my ſect thou ſeeſt; now learn too late
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands er
Whom the grand foe with ſcornful eye aſkance
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in ſynod met
Their deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;
At firſt I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heav'nly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſtring Spi'rits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find

Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of ſervitude to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battel: whereat Michäel bid ſound

Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heaven
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſannah to the High'ſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamor ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battels main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heaven
Reſounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army' againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader ſeem'd

Each

Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even ſcale
The battel hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Inteſtin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began.
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,

Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the ſeat of bliſs
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So ſpake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chace me hence? err not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtile
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free

If

If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch highth
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſit, while expectation ſtood
In horror; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both with next to' almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determin, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd ſo, that nei

Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectar'rous humor iſſuing flow'd
Sanguin, ſuch as celeſtial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defenſe, while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and color, ſhape or ſize

Aſſume,

ıe, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
an while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
›rial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
loloch furious king; who him defy'd,
ıt his chariot wheels to drag him bound
ıten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
in'd his tongue blaſphémous; but anon
cloven to the waiſte, with ſhatter'd arms
ıncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
gh huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
ıiſh'd Adramelech, and Aſmadai,
potent thrones, that to be leſs than Gods
in'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
;led with ghaſtly wounds through plate and mail.
tood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
ıtheiſt crew, but with redoubled blow
and Arioch, and the violence
amiel ſcorch'd and blaſted overthrew.
ht relate of thouſands, and their names
ize here on earth; but thoſe elect
ls, contented with their fame in Heaven,
not the praiſe of men: the other ſort,
ght though wondrous and in acts of war,
f renown leſs eager, yet by doom
:l'd from Heav'n and ſacred memory,
leſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
rength from truth divided and from juſt,
lable, nought merits but diſpraiſe

And ignominy, yet to glory aſpires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battel ſwer
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds; what ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpriz'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpriz'd and ſenſe of pain,
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have ſinn'd,
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mo
Now night her courſe began, and over Heaven
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquiſh'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his Angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cheru

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we indur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause

Left

Left them ſuperior, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.
He ſat; and in th' aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroch, of Principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aſpect thus anſw'ring ſpake.
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what avails
Valor or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defenſe, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface

Of this ethereous mold whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambroſial, gems and gold;
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of ſpiritous and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
Theſe in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engins long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, ſhall ſend forth
From far with thund'ring noiſe among our foes
Such implements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.

He ended, and his words their drooping chear
Inlighten'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miſs'd; ſo eaſy it ſeem'd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have thought
Impoſſible: yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice ſhould abound,

Some

Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With deviliſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew:
None arguing ſtood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; ſulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engins and their balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpy'd.
Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up roſe the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him ſoon they met

Under

Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm battalion; back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zephiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution and ſecure: let each
His adamantin coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizling ſhower,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Inſtant without diſturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd imbattel'd: when behold
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching groſs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh enginry, impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the Fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;

But

But that I doubt however witnest Heav'n,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended: when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep throated engins belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,

Though

Though ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily as Spi'rits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhor'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.

O Friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.

To whom thus Belial in like gameſome ſ
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms
Of hard contents, and full of force

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations looſning to and fro
They pluck'd the ſeated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;

Themſelves

Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtrugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch pris'n, though Spi'rits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne he thus
Effulgence of my glory, Son
Son in whoſe face inviſible is
Viſibly, what by deity I
O

And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which make
Wild work in Heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Father's might,
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,

My

My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and Meſſiah his anointed king.
He ſaid, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt, thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume,
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of theſe rebell
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy Saints unmix'd, and f

Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars their bodies all
And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and carbuncle fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd,
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke and bickering flame and ſparkles dire:
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were ſeen:
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtallin ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious far and wide, but by his own
Firſt ſeen; them unexpected joy ſurpria'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels borne, his ſign in Heaven;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly Spi'rits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclame,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt; and now
To final battel drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array, ye Saints, here ſtand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel reſt;

Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe,
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly; but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude; ſtand only and behold
God's indignation on theſe Godleſs pour'd
By me; not you but me they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in Heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battel which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels

The

The ſtedfaſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er ſhields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtráte,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of Heaven, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep; the monſtrous ſight

Struck

Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt unfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus

Thus meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth,
At thy requeſt, and that thou may'ſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in Heaven
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happineſs thou may'ſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſery;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the moſt High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But liſten not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of Pegaſéan wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like ſafety guided down
Return me to my native element:
Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Diſmounted, on th' Alcian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere;

Standi--

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befal
In Paradise to Adam or his race
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear

Of

Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt.
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favor ſent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſovran will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth, what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we not to explore the secrets ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works

What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing, ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own invention hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly', as nouriſhment to wind.

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of Angels, than that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.

At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of deity ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,

He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see
Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites:
But left his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heaven,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance

Approach

Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they ſung to the moſt High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his ſight
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, inſtead
Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,

Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,

ring his great work, that it was good:
celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
hty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
gh of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
ſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
ow'd with ſtars the Heav'n thick as a field:
ht by far the greater part he took,
lanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
ſun's orb, made porous to receive
rink the liquid light, firm to retain
ther'd beams, great palace now of light.
as to their fountain other ſtars
ing, in their golden urns draw light,
ence the morning planet gilds her horns;
ſture or reflection they augment
ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
remote, with diminution ſeen.
n his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
: of day, and all th' horizon round
d with bright rays, jocond to run
ngitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
and the Pleiades before him danc'd
ng ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon
poſit in level'd weſt was ſet
rror, with full face borrowing her light
him, for other light ſhe needed none
: aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
ght, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,

With

With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptil with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on the' open firmament of Heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas
And lakes and running ſtreams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd, on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable twarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance
Show to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gate
Tempeſt the ocean: there leviathan,

Hugeſt

:ft of living creatures, on the deep
ch'd like a promontory ſleeps or ſwims
ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
vs in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
n while the tepid caves, and fens and ſhores
ir brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
ling with kindly rupture forth diſcloſ'd
r callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
y ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime
a clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
roſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
:liffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
looſly wing the region, part more wiſe
ommon, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
ligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
ir aery caravan high over ſeas
ig, and over lands with mutual wing
ig their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
:s, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
a branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
:'d the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
ev'n, nor then the ſolemn nightingale
'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
rs on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
ir downy breaſt; the ſwan with arched neck
'een her white wings mantling proudly, rows
ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
mid aereal ſky: Others on ground

Walk'd

Walk'd firm; the creſted cock whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt aroſe
With evening harps and matin, when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Opening her fertil womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe
As from his lair the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The cattel in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth biggeſt born of earth upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,

As

As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride
With ſpots of gold and purple', azure and green:
Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; ſome of ſerpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: ſwarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her huſband drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gave them names,
Needleſs to thee repeated; nor unknown
The ſerpent ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory ſhone,
Her motions, as the great firſt Mo
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; air,

By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then blest'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over

Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendent Death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The Heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,

The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending: He through Heave
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led,
To God's eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeven
Evening aroſe in Eden, for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father, for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd, (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,

As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant Angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? eaſily the proud attempt
Of Spi'rits apoſtate and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhipers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another Heaven
From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt

Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of Men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And ſons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worſhip him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air,
And multiply a race of worſhipers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they, and the empyréan rung
With halleluiahs: Thus was ſabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
How firſt this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Ought, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celeſtial motions, is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents; and, ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve, his diſcourſe with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? ſomething yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conſiſting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth, a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd ſtars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues and their ſwift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light

Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night, in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides; reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.

So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which Eve
Perceiving where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs:
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd

Before

Before the Angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
With Goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went,
Not unattended, for on her as queen
A pomp of winning graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus reply'd.
  To aſk or ſearch I blame thee not, for Heaven
Is as the book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His ſeaſons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the reſt
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or, if they lift to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the ſtars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To ſave appearances, how gird the ſphere

With

With centric and eccentric ſcribled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit: conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though, in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſt'ring, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the ſun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigor find.
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribúte,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual; me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning hour ſet out from Heaven
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd

In Eden, diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to ſhow
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
God to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be center to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt, and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the ſun his labor, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth induſtrious of herſelf fetch day
Traveling eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar

Inlightning

Inlightning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: Her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other ſuns perhaps
With their attendent moons thou wilt deſcry
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great ſexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in nature unpoſſeſs'd
By living ſoul, deſert and deſolate,
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not,
Whether the ſun predominant in Heaven
Riſe on the earth, or earth riſe on the ſun,
He from the eaſt his flaming road begin,
Or ſhe from weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces even,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high

w what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
only what concerns thee and thy being;
not of other worlds, what creatures there
n what ſtate, condition or degree,
ted that thus far hath been reveal'd
Earth only but of higheſt Heaven.
/hom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
ılly haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
ence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
reed from intricacies, taught to live
ſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
rrupt the ſweet of life, from which
th bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
ıt moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
em with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
: the mind or fancy is to rove
k'd, and of her roving is no end;
ırn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
ot to know at large of things remote
ſe, obſcure and ſubtle, but to know
hich before us lies in daily life,
ɔrime wiſdom; what is more, is fume,
ɔtineſs, or fond impertinence,
nders us in things that moſt concern
tis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
ore from this high pitch let us deſcend
r flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
whence haply mention may ariſe
ething not unſeaſonable to aſk
erance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.

Thee

Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)

To

To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But as he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of light
Ere ſabbath evening: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine.
So ſpake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our ſire.
For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,

And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou inlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,

Who

inward apparition gently mov'd
ncy to believe I yet had being,
v'd: One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
iid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
ſan, of men innumerable ordain'd
ather, call'd by thee I come thy guide
garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
ng, by the hand he took me rais'd,
ver fields and waters, as in air
ı ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
dy mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
ait wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
l, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
h before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
ı with faireſt fruit that hung to th' eye
ing, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
ck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
mine eyes all real, as the dream
ely ſhadow'd: Here had new begun
nd'ring, had not he who was my guide
ner, from among the trees appear'd,
e divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
ration at his feet I fell
s: he rear'd me, and Whom thou ſought'ſt I am,
ildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
, or round about thee, or beneath.
aradiſe I give thee, count it thine
and keep, and of the fruit to eat;
y tree that in the garden grows

Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl,
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowring low

With

With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God indued
My ſudden apprehenſion: but in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'ſt thou ſolitude? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,

My maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe

Save

Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecreſy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,

And find thee knowing not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' high
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,

And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpi'rit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf

Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brougl
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was honor knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bower
I led her bluſhing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening ſtar
On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhow
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which moſt excel,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveline's, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanc'd, and like folly ſhows;

Authority

Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nig
By attributing over much to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honoring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: Oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou kno
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'ſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wi
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattel and each beaſt; which would not be

To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What high'er in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart inlarges, hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'ſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.

To

To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk;
Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy', and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Eaſier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Iles
Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy', and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy ſons
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the Bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall

Free

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid requires;
And all temptation to transgress repel.
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

PARADISE LOST.	BOOK	I.	Page 1
		II.	33
		III.	71
		IV.	97
		V.	137
		VI.	171
		VII.	205
		VIII.	229